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ON THE

BATTLE

OF

DETTINGEN.

Humbly inscrib'd to the

KING.

By *STEPHEN DUCK.* M

L O N D O N :

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An O D E
O N T H E
B A T T L E of *Dettingen*.

I.



Llustrious Prince ! by Heav'n design'd
To guard the Rights of Humankind,
And raise a falling State :
To scourge the Proud; support the Brave;
To check Oppressive Pow'r, and save
An Empire from it's Fate :

II.

What Poet, with *Maonian* Wing,
Shall your Immortal Praises sing,
And glorious Acts record ?
Tell, how young *William* bravely bled ;
How *Bourbon's* Legions trembling fled
Before your Conq'ring Sword ?

III.

III.

The Muse admires the noble Theme ;
 The Muse would gladly sound your Fame ;
 But fearing War's Alarms,
 With conscious Modesty recedes,
 Unable to recite the Deeds
 Of your Victorious Arms.

IV.

She trembles, when her Monarch dares
 The thickest Dangers of the Wars,
 Like *Mars* on *Phrygian* Ground ;
 Nor can she sing, how *William* stood,
 Drenching the Field with *Gallic* Blood,
 Regardless of his Wound.

V.

Nor how the *Mayne*, with Purple dy'd,
 (For Purple Streams increas'd his Tide)
 Shook with the Cannon's Roar ;
 And while you thunder'd o'er the Plain,
 Roll'd under floating Heaps of Slain,
 That spread his Surface o'er.

VI.

VI.

Noailles beheld your hardy Deed ;
Beheld his fainting Squadrons bleed,
And Heaps on Heaps expire :
He saw ; and founded a Retreat ;
Unable to sustain the Heat
Of your resistless Fire.

VII.

Then rose the Genius of the *Rhine* ;
(No juicy Honours of the Vine
Adorn'd his plunder'd Head ;
His Front indented deep with Scars,
The recent Marks of lawless Wars ;)
And thus to *Noailles* said :

VIII.

Did ever tim'rous Sheep explore
The Lion on the *Afric* Shore,
Or dare the Tiger's Hate ?
Did ever feeble Doves engage
Against the martial Eagle's Rage,
And court their certain Fate ?

IX.

IX.

Fools that you were, to pass the *Mayne*,
 To seek *Augustus* on the Plain,
 Whom virtuous Glory warms!
 When *British* Chiefs the Battle try,
 Your greatest Triumph is to Fly,
 And 'scape their vengeful Arms.

X.

Contend no more for foreign Crowns ;
 Retreat, and fortify your Towns ;
 Secure your Monarch's Throne :
 Left *Bourbon* mourn his ruin'd State ;
 And GEORGE'S conqu'ring Arms compleat
 What *Edward's* but begun.

XI.

Should *William* once invade your Land,
 The Lightning darted from his Hand
 Would burn without Controul :
 Your Arms may then oppose in vain ;
 Your Thunder wound the Youth again,
 Not move his daring Soul.

XII.

XII.

For, bravely warm'd with Martial Rage,
 And Courage that transcends his Age,
 He imitates his Sire :
 That Sire, so early known to *France* ;
 Who, scorning Danger, durst advance
 Thro' Clouds of Smoke and Fire.

XIII.

Muse, whither would thy Fancy soar ?
 These Subjects far surpass thy Pow'r,
 And suit sublimer Lays :
 From GEORGE's glorious Name refrain ;
 Nor with thy low ignoble Strain
 Degrade brave WILLIAM's Praise.

F I N I S.



XII.

For, bravely warring with Martial Rage,
And Courage that transcends his Age,
He imitates his sire;
That sire is early known to Rome;
Who, facing Danger, and advice
Thro' Clouds of Smoke and Fire

XIII.

Mark, whether would thy Fancy soar?
Thou'st seen the hero of the war,
And the bold hero's name;
From George's glorious name refrain;
Not with thy low ignoble strain
Degrade his name and fame.



F. V. 1. 2.

